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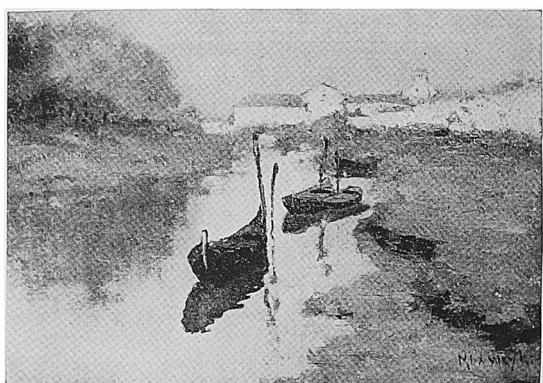
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## "IN WASHINGTON"

BY GEORGE GIBBS.

*With original illustrations by Washington Artists.*



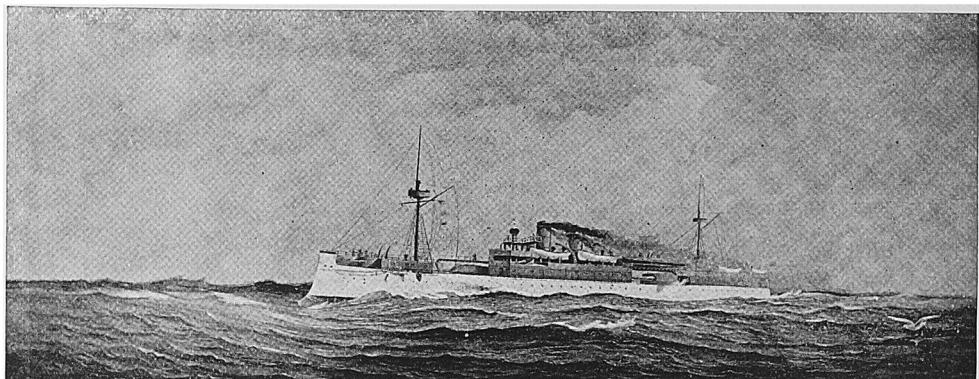
*From a painting by Max Weyl.*

NEAR VENICE.

hues of many jewels and delights the senses. But let the wind blow and the sky will pile itself up with vari-colored clouds, bank upon bank, each more majestic than the other, and the ocean will take colors and forms that touch deeper chords in our nature. Some painters interpret the first naturally, others can feel the second, but few there are who comprehend, who can merge themselves into and become a part of the third.

Without the God-given power of seeing things through the "prism of the emotions" the art of painting what you see becomes mere copying; and the camera serves the purposes of reproduction as adequately as the palette and brushes of the man who has no such prism to see through.

But the emotional sense is not everything. This prism should not be so blurred by warring and irregular emotions as to blind the painter to the principles he learned in the nose and ear school. The lens should be so accurately calculated as



*From a painting by R. G. Skerrett.*

"MAINE."

to focus readily and preclude the possibility in the drawing of any of the absurd foreshortenings of amateur photography. Many know how to paint who have forgotten how to draw. Those who take refuge from their amateurish draughtsmanship behind their color are not true. Washington is not greatly troubled with such impressionism. Her impressionists are, with a few exceptions, it is to be believed, careful and conscientious students, who, if they have such faults, are not too biased or committed to consider and know the value of proceeding by the long and narrow path. The Barbizon influence has made itself felt strongly, and has taken away some of the prosaic. Among the younger men especially it has taken away the prose and is beginning to show poetry. But the artistic temperament is prone, in the early stages, to allow its conscien-



*Drawn by Felix E. Mahony.*

WARMING UP.



*From a painting by E. F. Andrews.*

DOLLY MADISON.

tiousness to be subservient to its emotional sense. Conscientiousness is a habit not easily acquired unless the groundwork and principle are sound.

But the opportunities for that groundwork have, until within the last few years, been meagre and inadequate. People without the right of representation in the affairs of their State cannot trust to uninterested legislation for the promotion of those arts which it has pleased a large-hatted Western lawmaker to term, with more alliteration than liberality, "the superfluous products of the sentimental civilization." But, despite it all, art lives at the Capital. She breathes healthily, has made herself heard, and has even taken a few steps. She has had helping hands, and, barring accidents, she will receive still more recognition. To the philanthropy of Mr. W. W. Corcoran is in



*From a painting by Gaylord S. Truesdell.*

THROUGH THE FOREST.

the largest measure due the art interest in Washington. Everybody knows of the Gallery, and a few are beginning to hear from the school. Mr. E. F. Andrews,



*From a painting by H. Hobart Nichols.*

A GRAY EVENING.

known for his public portraits, is the instructor. The Art League, a prosperous and well-organized institution, has able instructors, and well-attended day and night classes. Private classes in studios are numerous. No organized movement for co-operation in work and exhibits took place in Washington until the "Society of Washington Artists" came into existence. Since then there have been annual exhibits of oil, water-colors, pastel, and sculpture which have done credit to the efforts of the members and show prospects of a future worthy of attention.

Richard N. Brooke's friends are waiting for him to paint something that they like better than "The Pastoral Visit"

in the Corcoran Gallery of Art. As a composition it is fine, as a Southern picture it is true, as a story it tells itself. It reveals more than dusky sketches of heavy-footed French peasants.

*Drawn by Mary Berri Chapman.*

"A LETTER, SAH."

About a year after the "Pastoral Visit" was finished and sold Mr. Brooke went down to the little Virginia town where it had been painted. The model for the figure of the head of the family—who had heard of the sale of the picture—slouched sheepishly across the street and approached the painter.

"Mistah Brooke, sah," said he, "dey say you done sol' dat pictur' you done o' me sittin' at de table. An' bein' as I holped in it, 'peahs ter me, sah, I mought get paid fer it."

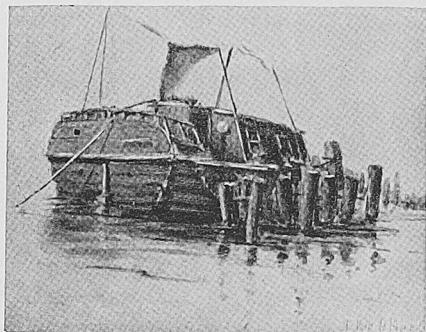
"Well, Reuben, I paid you the sixty cents an hour as we agreed," replied Brooke.

"Well, sah, you goes up an' gits yo' thousands o' dol-



*Drawn by Daisy B. King.*

BONDAGE OF THE HEBREWS.



*From a painting by Elliott P. Hough.*

ALONG THE CANAL.

lahs, an' 't 'peahs to me, sah, I ought to git half of it."

But Reuben did not share equally with Mr. Brooke.

Mr. E. F. Andrews' "Dolly Madison," in the White House, is his latest large work. It has a charm which belongs to things of that day, and the demureness of the expression and the pose lend themselves to the simple old fashion of the costume. The flesh and drapery are admirable.

Gaylord S. Truesdell, the cattle-painter, though working in France, has his regular exhibits in Washington. He has been again hung on the line at this year's Salon. The medal picture of two years ago is here, and among others may be mentioned "One at a Time" and



*Drawn by E. H. Miller.*

THE WANING MOON.

shown than in the sketch "Near Venice."

Edmund Clarence Messer's work is distinctive for its tenderness and a certain literary quality. The landscape reproduced here is full of sentiment, although it might have been rendered more simply.

H. Hobart Nichols, a serious and conscientious worker, has made marked progress in his landscapes, which always bear the impress of indubitable honesty.

In pastel Jane B. Curtis did, in Paris, the "Study of a Spaniard," well posed, true, and strong.

Anna Stanley works more in the manner of a man than of a woman.



"Through  
the Forest."

The broad  
and com-  
prehensive  
style of Max Weyl was never better

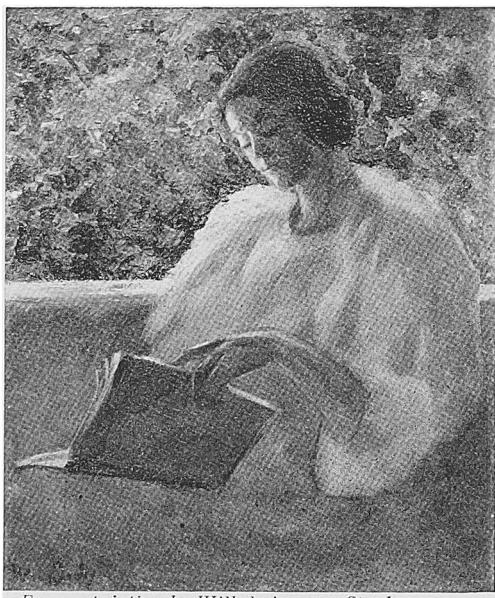
*Drawn by Howard Helmick.*

UP A STUMP.



*From a painting by Emil H. Meyer.*

THE CRITICAL SCHOOL REPORT.



*From a painting by Wilhelmina von Stosch.*

THE BOOK.

decorative sense, but is sometimes careless as a draughtsman.

Herman K. Vielé is daring in color, and his "Impression" is strikingly original in composition.

In water-color and wash Washington stands well.

Daisy B. King's "The Bondage of the Hebrews" is exceedingly interesting in composition, but the figures at the left rather distract the eye from the main group, which is very well studied.

W. H. Chandlee's picture, "The Old Granary," is treated in a simple, unobtrusive way that is restful and pleasing.

Howard Helmick's drawings of "darkies" in the *Century Magazine* are teeming with life and character.

J. H. Moser is hard at work in his summer studio in Connecticut, preparing for his annual winter exhibit of water-colors. From the American stand-point—in contradistinction to the English—Mr. Moser's skies are masterful. He stands as much

Spencer B. Nichols at the last "Society" Exhibit showed two landscapes of promise. "In the Looking-glass" is a wash-drawing of merit.

Emil H. Meyer is not fortunate in his landscapes. But as a figure-painter of Deffregger interiors he is very successful. He shows his best in a careful, if somewhat studied interior called the "Critical School Report."

E. H. Miller's "Waning Moon" has a delicate sentiment.

Wilhelmina von Stosch's "The Book" is capital in color scheme, and the languid, dreamy interest expressed in the pose is full of truth.

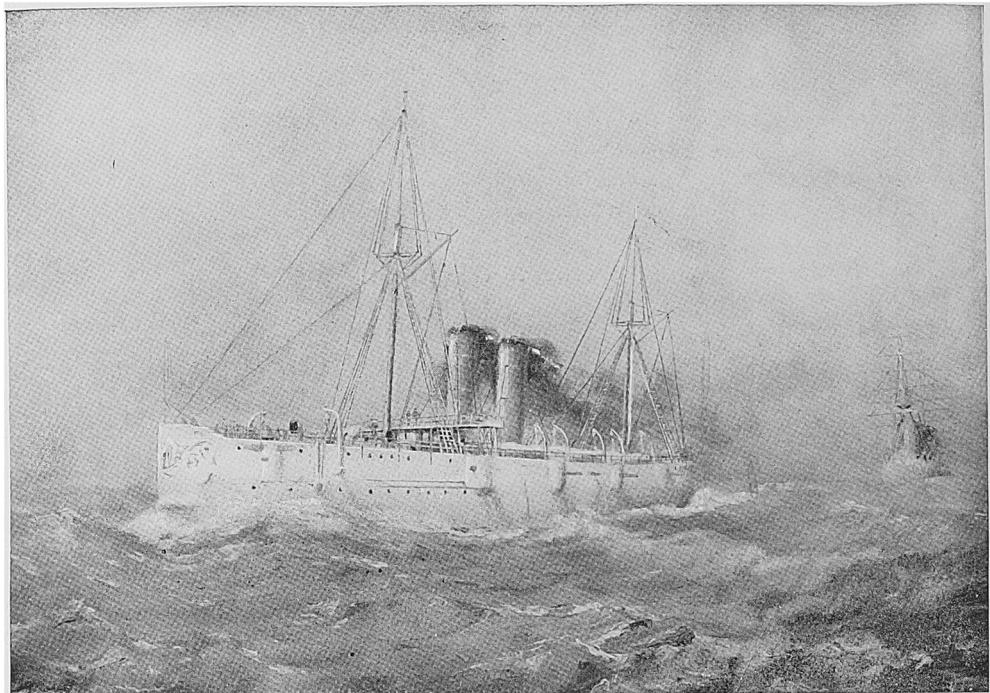
Wells M. Sawyers's landscapes always mean something. His distances and middle distances are usually stronger than his foregrounds.

Robert Coleman Child has a good



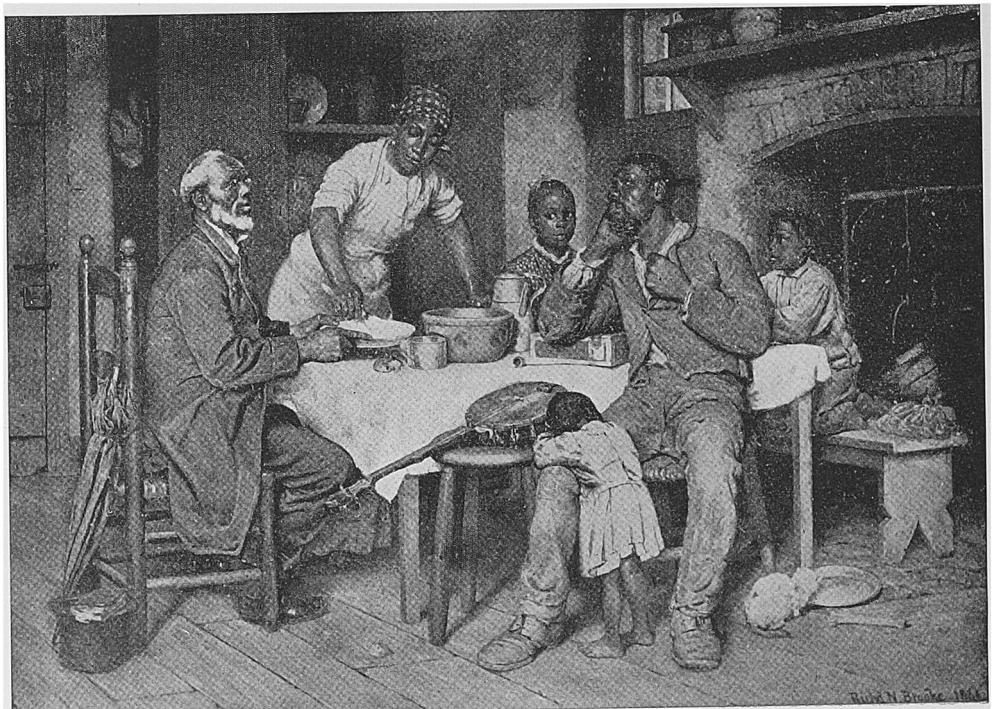
*From a painting by Anna Stanley.*

THE OLD WAGON.



*From a painting by Clary Ray.*

"CINCINNATI."



*From a painting by Richard N. Brooke.*

A PASTORAL VISIT.

alone as Julian Rix as an American water-colorist.

Elliott Hough is a good colorist.

Felix E. Mahony is a hurried draughtsman, but he has a remarkable facility. In their daring and originality his drawings remind one of Wenzell's earlier sketches.

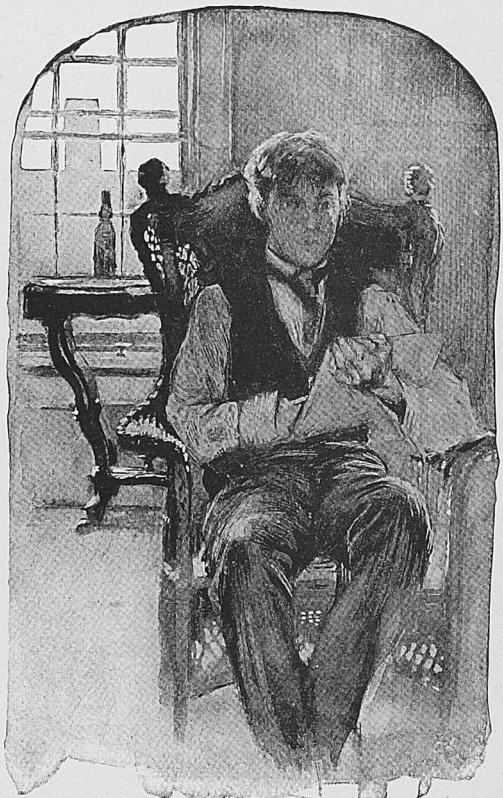
Mary B. Chapman draws excellent pictures of "darky" mammies.

It is a question, however, whether the average negroes pure and simple are subjects for artists. There are certain types among them—some strong, sad faces that are almost beautiful—but the "pretty" negro is too shallow and uninteresting to be paintable, and the queer characterful ones are grotesque and more attractive to the student of character than to the lover of beauty. Yet there are two fields where they are distinctly in place: one in pictures where some beautiful type is brought out strongly by contrast to them, and the other is in story-telling.



From a painting by Gaylord S. Truesdell.

ONE AT A TIME.



Drawn by Spencer B. Nichols.

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

"A Letter, Sah," belongs to this illustrative class. One does not need any other figure to know that the letter is a *billet doux*, and that the bearer approves both of the sender and the recipient.

One of the great troubles with all representations of negroes is that they are too complete. The fascination of their high lights is too strong for the painters, and they allow themselves to be too realistic. Washington artists have such exceptional opportunities for studying the negro that, since he is here and is bound to be an element at least in illustration, it would be well to develop a school for painting him more suggestively.

Paintings of warships, if done from mechanical drawings rather than nat-

ure, are apt to take on much of the conventional. Though a little heavy, technically, the reproduction of the "Cincinnati" is fairly representative of the work of Clary Ray, who usually gets away from the rigidity of the mechanical. The drawing of the "Maine," by R. G. Skerrett, is handled easily and simply.

It would need another article to write about the young women painters who are studying hard and whose work each year develops greater promise of things to come; for the schools here have few male students at the day classes. It is enough to say, however, that both the Art League and the Corcoran School have in their classes advanced students on whose work—if persevered in—a prediction of definite future success is not far amiss, and it is interesting to look back to the first large exhibition of pictures in Washington—the only one until the establishment of the Corcoran Gallery. This was a social affair. All manner of fêtes and fairs had been gotten up in the hope of raising money for a hospital fund, and the exposition was proposed as a last novelty.



*Drawn by W. H. Chandler.*

THE OLD GRANARY.



*Drawn by James Henry Moser.*

BALTIMORE FROM THE CHROME WORKS.

It was held in the house of Vice-President Morton, in the ball and reception rooms upstairs and down, and receptions were given every day while it lasted. It proved a superb success financially, and gave impulse to the thought of further exhibitions for the sake of art alone.

The cosmopolitan character of Washington, with its wide range of cultured tastes, offers exceptional advantages as an art centre, and the splendid plan of the city itself is an



*From a painting by Edmund Clarence Messer.*

A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN VIRGINIA.



*Drawn by Herman K. Vielt.*

IMPRESSION.

influence to those brought up in it,

and government cities are always excellent places for the study of types.

There is an influence in Washington that may be against its art as it is against almost everything. An influence due to the presence of routine instead of enthusiasm. The spirit of merely "putting in time" that exists in all government offices and seems to spread beyond them into the atmosphere.



*From a painting by Wells M. Sawyer.*

BY THE LAKE.



*From a painting by Robert Coleman Child.*

ADAGIO.

But this is only one drawback against the many advantages of a capital city as a centre of accomplishment in art. And yet this may not influence art as much as it affects more practical things. Art is proverbially long, and artists have no love for being hurried. They wait their own time and mood, and hate all stress of life.